

Looks and sensations by Jancys_Blue_Bayou

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Summary:

He's very adept at turning the focus on her, on her pleasure. He's told her he loves making her feel good. And by God, he's damn good at it. She loves making him feel good too. He insists she does it all the time. But she wants to turn the focus completely on him now.

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Author's Note:

For a prompt from an anon on Tumblr: "ok I have a prompt, here it goes: I started dating this guy (now we are married btw) and I knew that he was already in love with me but I didn't know how much until we made out and I went down on him. I barely touched him with my mouth and he looked like he was had the best sensation ever lol. It was cute and I have this feeling that the same happened with jancy? because nancy is just too much for him? I'd love to see a fic about it. xx" + I also got a prompt to write a fic about headcanon #51 from iamthethumperanon on Tumblr and baked that into this.

Jonathan loves her. She knows that. Because he told her he does, last week. And Jonathan doesn't say stuff like that without meaning it. And she loves him. She knows that. And he does too, because she's told him too. She really really does. She loves his bravery, his strength, his humor, his caring nature, his intellect. She loves how his mind works, how his embrace feels. How his lips feels against hers.

So she presses hers to his again, again and again. They're in her bedroom, he snuck in through the window like he does most nights, the nights she's not the one to sneak in through his. She's got him up against her bedroom wall, his black t-shirt stands in stark contrast to the soft pink of her wallpaper but he fits right in anyway. His dark-blue sweater which she's already worked off of him lies carelessly tossed on the floor by her nightstand. He pulls her in, up closer to him so she's pressed up against him as they continue to make out. She loves that about him too, when he pulls her in so close, when he wants her right where she wants to be.

He tugs at the hem of her nightgown, riding it upwards. That in itself makes her heart beat faster. She counters by pulling his t-shirt up, momentarily breaking away from his lips to pull it over his head and toss it aside. Their lips crash together again. She runs her hands over his lean but built chest. He tugs at her nightgown again and this time

she lets him pull it up and off of her. His eyes widen, like they always do when he sees her like this. He looks at her like she's some kind of beautiful marvel and it makes her heart flutter. He kisses her again with new fervor and places his hands at her naked hips, ready to gently lead her to the bed. But she gently pushes him back into the wall, because she wants to try something new, something they haven't tried before. He's very adept at turning the focus on her, on her pleasure. He's told her he loves making her feel good. And by God, he's damn good at it. She loves making him feel good too. He insists she does it all the time. But she wants to turn the focus completely on him now.

She unbuttons his fly and presses little kisses to his chest and stomach as she crouches down, pulling down his pants. His breath hitches a little when she plants a kiss just below his bellybutton. There's a noticeable bulge in his boxers. She can't resist clasping her hand on it through the thin fabric. It elicits a soft moan from him which makes her look up at him. He's staring down at her with his brown eyes, looking almost like he's holding his breath. She pulls down his boxers.

His cock is sort of halfway between slack and hard. As soon as she grips it with her hand it grows rapidly in size and hardens. Another soft moan escapes him. She looks up at him, meeting his gaze as she starts to jerk him. His eyes, the way he looks at her, is everything. The way he sounds, moans, shudders too. Like his gaze it's so soft. She's done this before, she knows exactly what to do to get him rock hard right away. She places her lips around the tip of it. She hasn't done that before. She instantly regrets she hasn't before. Because he looks at her like it's the best sensation he's ever felt. She takes more of him in her mouth, keeping eye-contact. He looks at her with awe. His moans are still soft but there's something more there. So much more.

"Oh fuck, Nance... oh fuck..." He murmurs as she starts bobbing up and down on his hard cock.

He's usually so soft-spoken. But during sex he gets swear-y. It really turns her on, it's such a noticeable change in him. She slows her tempo, wanting to elongate his pleasure. And to try and take as much of him in her mouth as she can. She can't take her eyes off him so she doesn't miss it when he momentarily shuts his eyes and lets out another, bigger moan. He opens his eyes again, keeping eye-contact with her and looking totally transfixed. He has one hand against the wall behind him, palm pressed to it like it's the only thing keeping him upright. With the other he reaches out and gently tucks some hair behind her ear.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, Nance I'm gonna-"

He's sweet enough to give her a completely unnecessary warning. She could tell exactly where it was headed. She doesn't back down, quite the opposite. Increases the tempo, sucks harder to send him careening over the edge. She's curious. His warm cum fills her mouth. She swallows. It tastes... not bad, not great, kind of hard to describe. But the act itself turns her on. To have him in her mouth, to stare up at him as she swallows. It really is everything, the way he looks at her.

She gets up from her crouching position. He gives her a hand and pulls her in close and kisses her with passion. She lets out almost a little squeal right into his mouth, excited about his eagerness.

"That was amazing. You're amazing," he murmurs when they break apart for air, resting his forehead against hers.

"You're hot," she informs him. Because she's discovered he really needs to hear it, for some reason he didn't know that.

"You too," he murmurs back and captures her lips again. He slips his tongue in her mouth, she meets it with hers and knows that he can taste himself on her now and if not *that* is amazing and hot she don't

know what is.

He pulls her in real close and takes a firm hold around her hips, then slides his hands down to her thighs and lifts her up. She throws her arms around his neck and lets out a squeal of delight. He walks over to her bed and gently lays her down on it. He adjusts her so her ass is right by the side edge of the bed. He gets down on his knees, and goes to town. She remembers the first time he went down on her. Vividly. They were... well they were up to... stuff, and he shyly asked permission. Said he was curious. And wanted to make her feel good. She nodded, surprised, nervous and excited. Steve had never done that. Never asked. She's not sure if the thought ever even crossed his mind. But it crossed Jonathan's. And that's one of the many reason she loves his mind.

That first time, when he finally pulled his face up from her pussy and looked her in the eyes he asked her if it was good. She thinks the fact that she had to take a deep breath to steady herself and clear her throat before answering told him all he needed to know really. But she in any case for good measure told him the truth – that it was *great*. Now once she's felt his tongue down there, she can't fathom how she survived so long without it there, without him here with her. She runs her fingers through his hair while he runs his tongue over her clit.

After; after he's made her... well not call out his name – her parents are asleep a few doors down – but made her repeat it over and over in a hoarse whisper as he took her over her edge and beyond; they lay under the covers. She feels totally spent in the best way possible. She lies with her head in the crook of his neck and listens to his steady, even breathing. Peering up at him she observes him for several moments, he's just staring out into space. She brings him out of it with a kiss on his cheek.

"What are you thinking about?" She gently asks. He looks at her.

"You," he answers.

Yes, the way he looks at her truly is everything.